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# A Scary Story



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## Chapter 1 by Abigail Monet

He could vaguely see the outline of what seemed to be a large monastery through the darkness. As he walked closer he saw the form of a cloaked man materializing out of the fog. Walter Hugh waved hesitantly in greeting, unsure of how he would be welcomed at this late hour.

“Hello, Brother. I am a long and weary traveler looking for solitude. Might there be room for one more in our Lord’s house?”

Strangely, the towering monk said nothing, but instead nodded, summoning Walter forward, into the grand entrance. Walter fought back a chill of unease as he walked through the door, and an unnerving sense of fear and oppression. He saw few others as he was lead through vast, winding corridors to a small room that seemed to be located in the very heart of the monastery. All was eerily quiet in the tiled halls, every footstep or closing door echoed throughout.

For the first time that night the cloaked man spoke to Walter, his deep, authoritative voice seeming to boom in the silence.

“You will stay here tonight. Do not wander, I can not guarantee your safe return to the outside world if you do not heed this. Food will be provided shortly.”

And with that he was left to his own company. Walter stood, puzzled at the quick progression of happenings, trying to settle his upheaved nerves in this strange place.

The feeling of unease did not leave, even after having eaten and dressed for bed. He laid in the small bed, restless, unable to find the blanket that had been provided.

As he stared up at the ceiling, he remembered the monk had said, “Do not wander.” Why? What was he thinking?

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Before Walter even realized what he himself was doing, he had already climbed out of bed. He reached for his pants in the darkness, fumbling to pull them on and tuck his night shirt in. In his mind he could see where the monk had placed a candle and a small match box atop the desk, incase Walter had the need to relieve himself in the night. He found both, lit the candle, and opened the door. The hall was black, no windows or lighting anywhere but for his small candle. He silently drifted down the long hall, unsure of what lay ahead.

It was like a dream, the voice floated down the hall and washed over him, surrounding him and pulling him to it. Walter felt like he was not in control, his feet moving unbidden, caught in the gravitational pull of the song, the voice seeming to sing just for him. As a man in a trance, Walter wandered the maze of halls, lead by the fluctuating voice, until he came to a dead end. There was a large tapestry over the wall here, yet it was apparent that this was where the voice's origin lay. He daftly grabbed at the tapestry, ripping it off the wall in one fluid motion.

The wooden door looked completely ordinary, nothing to set it apart from any of the others he had passed along the way. The only difference was the voice that was held within. He felt the excitement rising, all of the fear and unease having disappeared, replaced with a boyish glee. He hesitated only a second before reaching out and turning the doorknob. It was not locked, giving way easily, he threw it open, taking a step into the room, not bothering to knock.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the utter blackness of the room, he stood in shock. His mouth fell open as his brain tried to fully comprehend what was before him. The stench rose up around him like a veil, crawling down his throat, choking him. The heads swung slowly from the ropes that hung from the ceiling, as an unseen draft swept through the room, the fresh blood dripping down onto the floor, his bare feet were in a puddle of it. Body parts lay across the floor of the room, torsos spilled their contents over the tile. As he scanned the room, unable to move from fear, he saw the source of the waning voice. As he watched in terror, the small pile of rags started to move, rising until it had the appearance of a small girl. As the figure turned Walter saw its face, where eyes should have been there was only black holes, small strips of flesh stretched over them like torn pieces of fabric. The mouth was opened, a blood covered grimace. Where the hands should have been, long talons hung, soaked in blood. It had been crouched over one of the desecrated bodies.

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